Where didſt thou ſee her? O unhappy girle!
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (O ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought,) what ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers,
Raiſe all my kindred, are they married think you?
Rod. Truly I think they are.
Bra. O heaven, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your daughters minds,
By what you ſee them act: is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? have you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch things?
Rod. Yes ſir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my Brother; O would you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on, at every houſe ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, ile deſerve your paines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Jago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuffe o'th conſcience,
To do no contriv'd murther; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to have jerk'd him here,
Under the ribbes.
Oth. Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your Honour, that with the little godlineſſe I have,
I did full hard forbear him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect, a voice potentiall,

As

As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)
Weele giue him cable.
Oth. Let him doe his ſpite,
My ſeruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeake vnbonneted as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouſed free condition,
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth, *Enter* Caſſio *with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder? *and torches.*
Iag. Theſe are the raiſed Father and his friends,
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect ſoule,
Shall manifeſt my right by: is it they?
Iag. By *Ianus* I thinke no.
Oth. The ſeruants of the Duke, and my Leiutenant?
The goodneſſe of the night vpon you (friends,)
What is the newes?
Caſ. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your haſt, poſt-haſt appearance,
Euen on the inſtant.
Oth. What's the matter thinke you?
Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate, the Galleyes
Haue ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night one at anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent aboue three ſeuerall queſts

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.501) Octavo